Northampton, Oct. 3, 1848.

My Dear Friend:

88 To-morrow is to be one of the memorable days of your life. You are to bid adieu to the land of your nativity, the place of your birth, to relatives near and dear, to friends beloved and faithful; and to cross the Atlantic, that "great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts," and thus to take the indescribable position (for can language paint it?) of "a stranger in a strange land." Happily, you will not go as an exile, but under propitious circumstances. You will be cherished and comforted by one with whose earthly destiny you have blended your own, to whom you have given your heart's best affections, and for whom it is lawful to leave both father and mother. The passage, too, will in all probability be a short one; for the Acadia is an admirable sea-boat and a quick steamer, as I know from experience, having twice crossed the ocean in her; so that, within a fortnight from the time of your departure, you may safely calculate on being at Liverpool, the "commercial emporium" of the fast anchored isle. From thence, (if I correctly understood Mr. Eddy,) you are to proceed immediately to Paris, and subsequently go to Italy, &c. During all the time of your absence, you will find any number of objects and scenes to challenge attention, excite admiration, and fill you with astonishment. Should your health be preserved, the tour will prove a delightful one; though it will be perfectly natural, should you

"cast many a longing, lingering look behind,"

and feel that, after all, "there is no place like home."

If I had any faith in prayer to create a smooth sea, give you a fair wind and clear weather, and deliver you from sea-sickness, during your voyage, most assuredly I would pray that you might thus be miraculously blessed; but as I have not a particle of such faith, and do not think that the laws of nature ought to be changed for the special accommodation of any body, but feel entirely satisfied that they are incapable of being amended, I can only hope that you will be so fortunate as to make a short and pleasant trip across "the big pond," as the Indians call the ocean.

I cannot help thinking, with something of sadness, how much your bright presence will be missed in our social circle of friendship, at our various reformatory meetings, at the anti-slavery fair, and at the domestic fireside. No one can fill that vacancy but yourself: it must remain unoccupied, therefore, until your return. My sympathies cluster tenderly and powerfully, at this trying hour, around your dear and noble father, to whom your absence must seem almost like a lasting bereavement. Dearer than his right hand, or his right eye, are you to his heart; and that deep, unfathomable love is fully reciprocated by you. I know how he will meet the trial — with Roman firmness, but not with Roman stoicism. He will be sustained by a sound and Christian philosophy, which, while it allows full scope for ~~filial~~ parental feeling, bows with resignation to whatever comes to pass. The possibility that you may never behold each other again on earth will give poignancy to the separation; yet such a parting must take place, some day or other, whether you are near or remote. Mrs. Hemans says of Death —

"Thou art where billows foam;
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home;
And the world calls us far — and thou art there!"

"Thou art around us in our peaceful home." Yes! as truly so as when we are where billows foam, or as when we are called afar; and, therefore, we do not materially lessen the peril by circumscribing our travels, or taking refuge by the domestic hearth. Go, dear friend! and when the summons shall come, in God's good time, to put on immortality, be it yours to shout, wherever you may be — "O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?"

"It is not all of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

You know my views on this subject — that I deplore the popular, or, rather, the theological view taken of death, and see nothing in the tomb but the passage to eternal progress. A beneficent Creator never made our mortality to be a source of terror or disgust, but, rather, of consolation and gratitude.

I am glad, for your sake, that you are to have your brother James with you; but it is taking another one from the family circle, and making two vacancies, instead of one. He has my best wishes for his perfect enjoyment during his European tour.

You will, very judiciously, leave your two children behind you. On their account, you will not have any cause for anxiety, as they will be tenderly cared for, and duly guarded, until your return. But you are a mother, and a good mother's place is not easily supplied. You are a mother, and the separation must cause a deep struggle within your breast. But, O the joy of reunion at no distant day!

You will have pleasant travelling companions in Mr. and Mrs. Hovey. With her I am not particularly acquainted. She must still be very youthful, as she looks very pretty and girl-like. The more I know of Mr. Hovey, the higher is my regard for him. So radically is he imbued with the spirit of reform, that, considering the fashionable and wealthy circle in which he has moved, he is a prodigy. He has generous and noble qualities — an honest, ingenuous mind, rare independence, true moral courage, an abhorrence of all shams, a deep sympathy for suffering humanity, and a most disinterested spirit. May he live to see the world revolutionized by the Genius of Human Brotherhood, and all forms of oppression destroyed! As I shall not have time to write to him, tell him I wish him a prosperous voyage, a safe return, and every blessing.

A thousand times do I congratulate myself on my rapid flight to Boston, to be present at your marriage. It was an occasion never to be forgotten. I only lament that I could find no utterance for the feelings of my heart. Never did I feel more embarrassed for words, words, words. You will be glad to learn that my journey has not interfered with my cure. I am now in the midst of another "crisis."

I send only two brief introductory letters — one to George Thompson, and the other to Elizabeth Pease — because I understand you are to proceed at once to the continent.

Helen deeply regrets that she cannot be in Boston in season to give you a parting embrace. She expects to leave here, with the children, in a few days. Our united regards to Mr. Eddy, who has our best wishes. Farewell!

Yours, with great esteem, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Mrs. Eliza F. Eddy.